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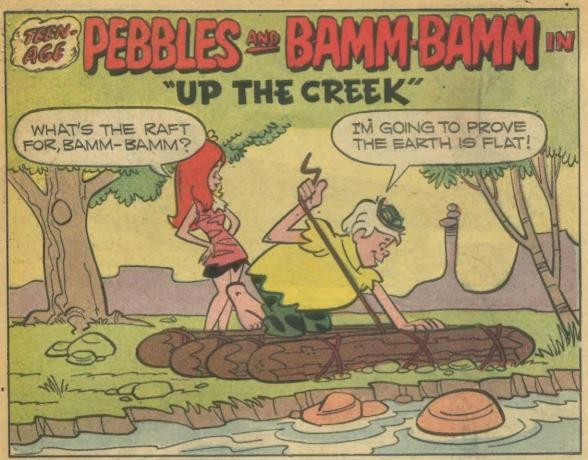
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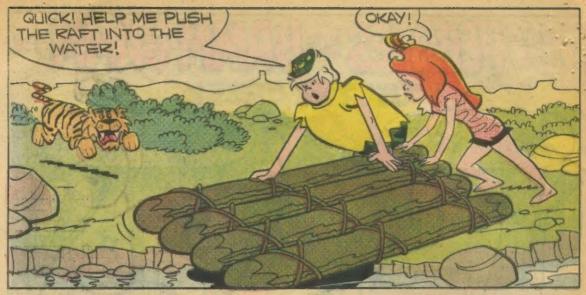


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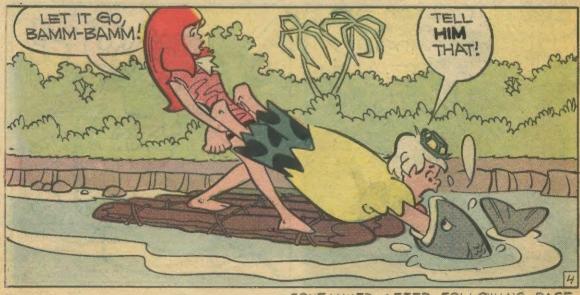












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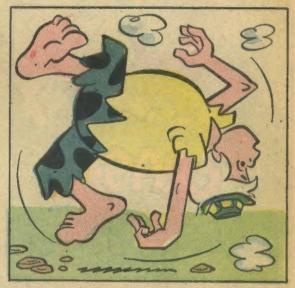






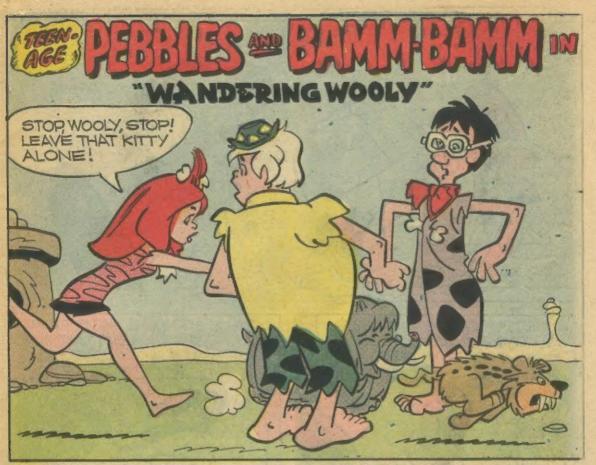


































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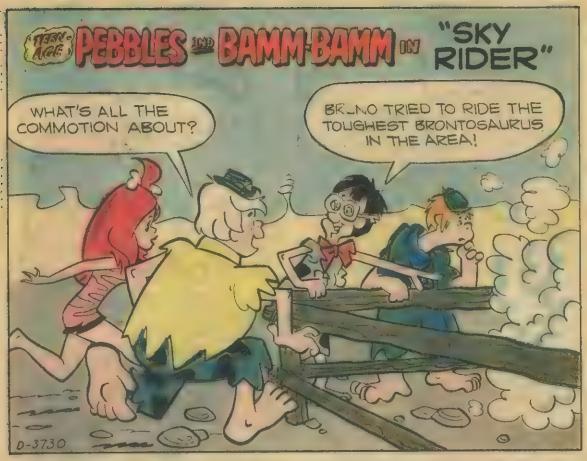






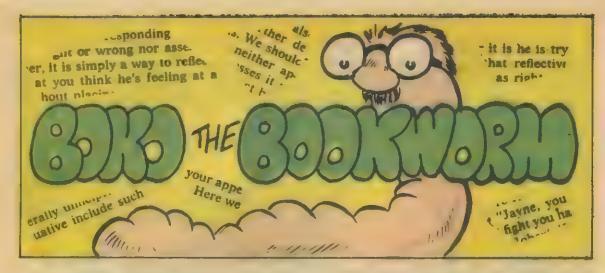












Polly The Pigeon was the first to arrive at the Friday marning monthly meeting of the Inhabitants of Ecolake and its vicinity. When they had all gathered there, she mounted the Rig Rock and began the meeting.

"We are all here to greet a visiter. Willie the Worm has with him his cousin, Boke The Bookworm. He will be here for a week and then he has to go home. We will do everything to make his stay most comfortable."

"I never heard of a bookworm," said Chippy the Chipmunk. "I see him at the side of his cousin. He leeks like an ordinary worm to me."

"Wait a minute," interrupted Sniggie The Snake. "I know what a beekworm really is. A beekworm is a man who reads books all day long."

"Why all day long?" questioned Buzzie the Bee. "Why not all day short? Human beings say that expression. But a day has only twenty four hours in it. So you can't really make it longer or shorter. No matter how early the sun gets up or how late the sun goes to bed, the day has still the same amount of hours in it."

"Permit me to explain myself," said the new errival. "I am a real bookworm. My mother enjoyed eating the pages of a book. She would read what was on the page first. Then eat it and enjoy it. This way she digested the paper and the knowledge on it. I have inherited this trait from my mother. I am a very well educated worm. I have learned many things. And I believe that when you have a lot of knowledge, nething is impossible."

"I would have to disagree with you," said Squarro the Squirrel. "I can tell you something that can't be done. It is impossible. Impossible for any human being or any other creature on this earth to do. I even challenge you to try it."

"I don't think I like your attitude or tone of voice," replied Boke The Bookworm. "Tell me what it is."

"I would like to see you sneeze with your mouth closed," was the answer. "Go ahead and try it. I am willing to wait. Until the end of the world if necessary."

Give the visitor credit. He tried it and then had to admit that he was wrong. You had to open your mouth if you wanted to sneeze.

"If the world is round and I am willing to except that fact," said freggie the freg, "then it can't have an end. You just go around the world in a circle. So since it hasn't an end, then I figure it hasn't even a beginning. And I think I just haven't the patience to wait to find out where the world ends."

"I have been around a long time," said the Big Rock.
"And I think that Froggie the Frog is just half baked.
With such a silly remark to make."

"How can I be half beked?" ebjected the freg. "I am not even fully baked. What do you mean by telling me that?"

"Just something I have heard human beings say from time to time," explained the Big Rock. "It sert of means you are completely feelish. Or maybe just helf feelish in what you say or do."

"Then that applies to you," commented Chipple the Chipmunk." "You say from time to time. What time? In the morning? In the afternoon? You could be specific and say from 10:25 A.M. to 11:55 A.M. Then you are definite. But you are half baked."

"That could be," admitted the Big Rock, "Think of how long I have been in this spot. And the sun has been shining down on me. So maybe I am half baked at that."

"I notice the lake," said Boke The Bookwarm, "And I see a fish coming up to the shoreline."

"That's Tillie the Trout," said Pelly the Plagaen.
"She looks as though she has something to tell us,"

"I certainly have some important news for you. Yesterday a careless fisherman drapped his newspaper into the water. I took it down with me. And read it. I noticed the weather report. There is going to be a thunderstorm in a few minutes."

"A fish that can read is semething most unusual," said Boke the Beekwerm, "You must be very smart. When I so back home I will tell my friends about you."

Just then there was heard the noise of thunder. And soon they could all see some flashes of lightning in the sky.

"Run to cover at ence," said the deep voice of Mr. Thundersterm. "Normally I do not advise anyone what to de. But since you have some company I must be polite. Run to cover." Which they all did,



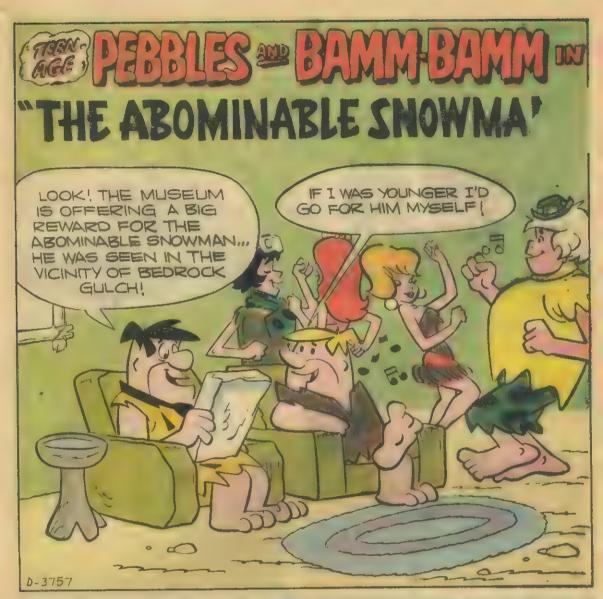
















































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